

## Mr. Coors

Chase Rice

Ship came from the east side, early 1868  
Young stowaway in toe below, never saw the light of day  
Washed up there in Baltimore, spent some time in Chi-town  
But one train ride west to Denver, that's all we talk about

Here's to Rocky Mountain water in a place that they call Golden  
A hundred fifty years ago, no, there wasn't no way of knowing  
What the hell we'd drink today if he hadn't paved his way  
Mr. Coors, thanks for everything

First time that we met was a banquet south of Boulder  
We stuck 'em down deep in that snow, man, they couldn't get no colder  
Now we raise 'em high to memories made and loved ones lost along the way  
That's a hand a wish I got to shake  
Someday I hope I do

Here's to Rocky Mountain water in a place that they call Golden  
A hundred fifty years ago, no, there wasn't no way of knowing  
What the hell we'd drink today if he hadn't paved his way  
Mr. Coors, thanks for everything

Every song, every dance, every cracking of a can  
Every football game on Saturdays and front porch, man to man

Here's to Rocky Mountain water in a place that they call Golden  
A hundred fifty years ago, no, there wasn't no way of knowing  
What the hell we'd drink today if he hadn't paved his way  
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Oh, Mr. Coors, thanks for everything